

# **Topeka State Journal** An Independent Newspaper. By FRANK P. MAO LENNAN.

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**MEMBERS:**  
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Apparently there isn't going to be very much doing in big Bull Moose politics during the next three months, else Victor Murdock, the leader of the herd, would not be able to spare that much time for a rush to Europe to report the war for a big eastern publication as well as his own newspaper at Wichita. Maybe Mr. Bryan is also going abroad in the role of a reporter, but as he would probably devote his energies in such a direction to the happenings at the Peace Palace at The Hague, he wouldn't have much to write about unless he called extensively on his imagination.

Mr. Rockefeller has given another third of a million dollars to colleges, but it isn't at all probable that many of the children of the Colorado miners in his employ will participate in the collegiate advantages that will come from these gifts.

No doubt now that the supply of Iron Crosses is unlimited. Kaiser Wilhelm has begun to confer them on the Bulgars. And maybe the huge amount of metal that has been used in their manufacture would come handy for Germany for the real purpose of war later on.

Evidently the fall driving in the western arena of the war isn't any better for the Allies than was the spring driving. Certainly they didn't get very far when they speeded up a little while ago, even if they did do a little better than in the spring, when, as a matter of fact, they didn't do anything at all.

Phillip D. Armour III starting in work at the union stockyards in Chicago to learn the packing business from the ground up sounds mighty fine, but it isn't as though he had to. And that makes a big difference.

Where the wish is again father to the thought. Mr. McCoombs, chairman of the Democratic national committee, says the Bull Moose are for Wilson and will vote with the Democrats in the fall of 1916. This is also as good as a confession from a high Democratic source of the returning vitality and strength of the Republican party.

Possibly the British government has spent millions upon millions of dollars for advertising in the home newspapers since the war began for men, money and to promote thrift also for the purpose of keeping the newspapers to keep on their feet. The business advertising in British papers has fallen off to nothing.

No hog cholera in Kansas inside of six years, a prediction made by Mr. Mercer, the state live stock/sanitary commissioner, is a promise of the greatest boon that could be conferred upon the agricultural life of the state. A hog immune to this disease is among the most valuable of farm assets.

Probably the Crown Prince of Germany is possessed of lives as numerous as the proverbial cat. He is reported dead again. Next week no doubt he will be back on the firing line.

Governor Capper may well ask what has been done with the \$200,000,000 or \$300,000,000 that has been spent annually by the United States for the past decade for preparation for war. It is a decidedly pertinent question. It has been asked in these columns on several occasions of late. Perhaps Governor Capper can obtain the answer. Everybody in the country would like to know what it is.

**AN HONOR TO THE STATE.**

The honor which comes to Dean Jardine in the request from the Colombian government that he undertake an agricultural survey of the country is not only a personal honor but an honor in which the whole institution and the whole state share, says the Kansas Industrialist. It is the character and the standing of the faculty of a college that give the institution prestige in the nation at large and abroad, and the Kansas State Agricultural college is peculiarly fortunate in having in its faculty a man who has attracted attention for his research and his practical ability, even on another continent. To attract such attention, however, is not so unusual

as to be asked to undertake an official mission. It is not a common thing for a nation to go thousands of miles to secure an investigator on a matter of national interest. When this is done it means that the man thus sought is regarded far above the general run of even well-known scientists. This is the second time within a relatively short period, it may be remarked, that the college has been called upon to furnish an investigator for a service abroad. It is only a year since President Waters made the Philippine investigation which has caused so much favorable comment and has already led to such valuable results. These things indicate the world-wide reputation which the college and its faculty are developing.

**PLAYING NO FAVORITES NOW.**  
Mississippi mobs evidently play no favorites nowadays. One recently lynched a young white man of prominence, who was accused of killing another white man. But then, if he had murdered a negro there would have been a different story to tell, in all probability. However, there seems to be a decided disposition in Mississippi these days not to let the law take its course in any case where a capital crime has been committed; a sorry commentary, indeed, on the degree of civilization that prevails in a supposedly enlightened community.

Those four New York heiresses who are on a tour of the west hunting for handsome, nice-eyed cowboys for husbands might have better luck in their quest if they visited the moving-picture studios. Only there can really handsome cowboys be found.

**SENATOR SHERMAN'S TRUISM.**

There may be a bigoted Republican here or there throughout this broad country who, for purely partisan reasons, has denied President Wilson the credit due him for his masterly handling of the grave issues that have developed between the United States and Germany and other of the European belligerents, but especially the ones with Germany, and which successful diplomacy on the part of the president has kept us out of the war. If there is, though, he hasn't made enough noise to be heard by the public, including their newspapers, have been as free with their praise in this particular as have the president's supporters and enemies in his own party. But Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman, of Illinois, a recent visitor to Topeka, and an avowed candidate for the next Republican presidential nomination, hit an essential nail on his head when he pointed out that President Wilson cannot claim or look for a re-election on what might be called his "war record" for he did no more than his plain duty in so ordering his steps as to make it certain that the United States would not be plunged into the war. The sentiment of the whole people of the country has been against getting into the war, and so the president only did his duty by keeping us out of it. With one possible exception, no other man who might have been president these days would have done otherwise although he might not have been able to turn the trick with such consummate skill as did Mr. Wilson. The exception, of course, is Colonel Roosevelt. And even had Mr. Roosevelt been in the White House during the past year, and had the real responsibility of the grave occasion been thrust upon him, he would have steered a course that would have kept us out of the war. So President Wilson must go before the people for re-election not on his "war record" but on the other accomplishments or failures, as the case may be, of his administration.

Even were there something in a name, it is probably wouldn't be anything particularly "pretty" just now either in or about Agua Prieta.

**SERVICE ABOVE HONORS.**

Surely there were few who thought that President Waters of the State Agricultural college would say "yes" to the proposal that he become a candidate for the next Democratic gubernatorial nomination in Kansas. Dr. Waters is of more value to the state by keeping up his position than he would be in the governor's chair, and there are a few men here and there who place the service they are able to give the public above the highest political honors that might be thrust upon them. Foster Dwight Coburn, former secretary of the Kansas department of agriculture, is another such man.

This peace that prevails between the United States and Mexico, or the several factions in the latter country, is a change of position that he would like to see. To all intents and purposes our troops along the border are at war with the Mexicans on the other side of it. Certainly no policy that might have been pursued toward the Mexican muddle could have worked out in worse fashion than the famous one dubbed "Watchful Waiting."

**NEW SOURCES OF REVENUE.**

The next congress, with a Democratic president, a Democratic senate and a Democratic house, will face a rapidly diminishing treasury and must take measures to replenish it. writes Albert B. Cummins of Iowa, and a conspicuously mentioned candidate for the next Republican presidential nomination, in the American Review of Reviews for November, in an article entitled, "Defense and Revenue in the Next Congress." The first and best aid to the sick and wounded would be found in a new tariff law constructed to protect American interests and at the same time increase the revenue from imports; but, unfortunately, the administration rejects both the medicine and surgery of modern economic science, and adheres to its dogmatic doctrine of the unprotected market, and so we must look further. The stamp taxes upon ordinary business transactions ought to be abolished. They are not only irritating and inconvenient, but they are in-

equitable and unjust. The income-tax law, while complicated beyond understanding in many respects, is essentially sound. It can easily be made the source of more revenue than we now receive. I thoroughly believe in the exemption of small incomes, but the exemption is too large and should be reduced. On the other hand, incomes are too low. During the continuance of the war we should tax, and tax heavily, the business of manufacturing and selling arms and munitions for export. Nothing could be more just than a measure which would transfer to the treasury some of the unprecedented profit of those who are engaged in such trade. Sooner or later we shall be compelled to tax great inheritances, either direct or collateral, possibly both. Such an imposition is eminently fair, but if it were practicable it should be preceded by an amendment to the constitution empowering the adjustment between the state and federal authorities to accomplish uniformity. Whether anything can now be done in that direction is most doubtful; but it is clear that in some way we will shortly reach that source of national income.

**Journal Entries**

Most of the medal-winners also soon drop out of sight.

A big-hearted man is also likely to have a lean purse.

There is this credit of the tough steak: It will go a long way.

Some people are so poor that they have to take the same automobile for two or three seasons.

If the people generally were not so lazy to think more men would have to work much harder for a living.

**Jayhawker Jots**

The people of Kinsley have raised a good share of the funds necessary to build a Great White Arch over the street with the name "Kinsley" prominently displayed.

The head of the Pittsburgh Manual Training Normal advises teachers to be just as they are in the lake near the town. On the other hand they may be able to play "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" with exceptional skill.—Portland Review.

**The Vanderbilts et al.**  
New York is taking a tree census. The celebrated family trees along Fifth avenue should not be overlooked.

**No, Impossible.**  
Can't some cartoonist draw a picture of the Mexican situation without having Uncle Sam sitting down on a cactus plant?

**Contributed.**  
Little Miss Horner stood on a corner.  
"Making a suffrage speech;  
Reminiscent item from the Wellington Journal: Can't you remember, or can you—when the wild winds blew in from the prairies and the air was filled with blinding dust? Remember the tumble weeds used to roll across the open lands and even through the streets like some strange wild animal running on its prey? Those were good old times, when times which called for men who had no fear of hardships, and who loved the country that filled their lives with dust. There was nothing to stop that wind then, but now the countless homes and business buildings which have been built serve as breakers for the wind.

**Might Use Stills.**  
New York burglar who wears 11½ shoes says it's no use. They cop over his head. He should learn to walk on his hands.

**Evening Chat**  
BY RUTH CAMERON

**Women Who Take Advantage.**  
When asked what he thought about a certain woman's preaching, Dr. Johnson said that it was like a dog standing on its hind legs, it was remarkable, not because it was done well, but because it was done at all.

Even in these days there are women who seem to have at least a remnant of that feeling about their performances in the business world. That is, they seem to feel that it is sufficiently remarkable and commendable that they should work at all, and that therefore no one should expect them to work as hard as men or find fault when they arrogate special privileges to themselves.

A woman who employs other women told me this little experience the other day. She had an unusual rush of work and contrived to reach her home late in the evening. She had to have all her material on hand and be ready to dictate the moment the stenographer arrived. She even hoped that a miracle might be performed in a few minutes after ten.

On the contrary, nine o'clock came and went and no stenographer appeared. It was after ten when she finally put on her dressing gown and mechanically removed her hatpins and explained calmly, "I had a headache."

"If she had only telephoned me," said her employer, "I would have arranged my work differently. As it was, I waited from moment to moment, expecting her to come in every instant, and you know how hard it is to fix your mind on anything when you are waiting like that."

In another office in which I used to work one of the stenographers used to leave at quarter of five to catch a five-o'clock train. She had never asked nor received permission to do this. Furthermore, there was a train at five-thirty which she could have taken and as the depot was only ten minutes walk, she need not have left until five minutes of five, even to get the earlier train.

In another office of which I know, all the women, as a matter of course, quit work from five to ten minutes early in order to be ready to leave at prompt.

Some one remonstrated with one of the girls and she opened wide eyes of wonder. "But it takes me ten minutes to wash up and get my hair and powder my nose and get my make-up on properly," she said. The idea that her employer had not contracted to pay her for these functions had evidently never occurred to her.

Mind you, I am not claiming that all women are like this or that men never snitch any of their employer's time for personal purposes. Far from it. I have known many a woman who worked harder than any man in the office—and probably got less money.

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## **On the Spur of the Moment** BY ROY K. MOULTON.

**We Don't Believe in Signs.**  
I bought some seeds down at the store  
And tried to make two blades of grass  
Grow where but one had grown before.  
But, lo, it didn't come to pass.  
I put a neatly painted sign:  
"Keep off the grass," where all  
could see;  
And people tramped that lawn of mine,  
And did it in the highest glee.

Folks who had ne'er done that before  
Cut "cross my lot" whenever they'd  
pass;  
Footprints I found there by the score,  
But not a sign of growing grass.

The moral of the tale is plain.  
Take warning by this trial of mine.  
Occasionally take rest in the lake  
Don't go and stick up any sign.

**A Few Accidents.**  
The Centerville Observer says:  
"Bill Mutton, a man near being  
killed Friday while shaving a sheep  
on his ranch. Just as he had about  
finished the sheep gave a sudden  
jump, pulling the head over his eyes  
and preventing him from seeing a  
streak of lightning that was headed  
in his direction at a two-forty gait.  
Bill reckons he would have been killed  
outright if his wife hadn't seen his  
danger from the wooded window  
and ran out to where he was, kicking  
him as she saw the lightning struck  
the last corner."

"While feeding his mule Monday,  
Abe Cornfield got a severe pain in  
his right side. He was working in the  
out where the pain came from he dis-  
covered that the mule and kicked him,  
landing both hoofs above the vest  
button, pulling the head over his eyes  
and preventing him from seeing a  
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**The Weather.**  
(Take your choice.)  
Fair, but cloudy. Very high tem-  
perature, accompanied by snow. Prob-  
ably warmer tonight or colder. Thun-  
derstorms and heavy rains accom-  
panied by heavy frost. No relief from  
the intense heat unless the weather  
gets cooler.

**Another Marine Band.**  
Stanton has a "Marine" band. We  
are curious to know how it got its  
name. It is possible the boys occa-  
sionally take a walk in the lake  
near the town. On the other hand  
they may be able to play "Rocked in  
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## **A PERFECT NIGHT.** It would have been a perfect night— The moon was like a silver disc, A circle so celestial bright Pinned to the curtain of the sky; The stars, the purest of the stars, Of interlards gave new delight To every zephyr passing by.

The rose was pallid in the moon;  
The rose became a saintly thing;  
The rose truly passion of the night,  
Was melted to a tender blue.  
The luster of a fairy's wing;  
The blue above, the green below;  
And yet a note was missing—  
You.

It would have been a perfect night—  
So sweet a night we never knew;  
I heard the whirr of angel-flight  
And murmured music everywhere;  
The blue above, the green below;  
It would have been a perfect night  
If you had been there.  
—Dorothy Malloch in American Lumberman.

**The Evening Story**

**The Flower of Romance.**

(By Kate Conway.)

"He's home," said one of his own folks  
wonderfully. "Berenice told me she  
wouldn't live in the same house with  
him not if he was seven hundred times  
her grandfather. And Ramsay says  
he'd pinch a penny till the eagle  
squealed."

"No more eagles on pennies, child,"  
laughed Aunt Bethiah merrily. "Ram-  
say's fifty years behind the times.  
What else?"

"Well, he lives in that little old  
house all alone and he won't keep a  
housekeeper 'cause no one will stay  
with him. And now he's half sick and  
cross as two sticks. Why, when Tom-  
my went over for the milk this morn-  
ing he threatened to thrash him with  
his cane if he split a drop along the  
side path. I'm so glad you've come,  
auntie, for I'm really dreadful to have  
such a neighbor."

"Oh, I've known Tuck Crawford  
ever since he was knee high to a  
grasshopper," said Aunt Bethiah  
placidity. "He won't hurt anybody,  
and I've never been afraid of him.  
He's got plenty of money hid down the  
hole, I suppose, or under the mount-  
ing."

"Then it's a pity he doesn't dig up  
some of it for Berenice," said Laura  
passionately. She perched herself on  
the edge of the table, a plate in one  
hand and the towel over her shoulder.  
"She has had to stay at home and take  
care of her father and all those  
children, five of them, ever since her  
mother died, and she's—well, not  
poor, I suppose, but always just get-  
ting by—don't you know what I mean,  
auntie? There isn't enough money for  
her to get that, and Berenice can't  
think of getting married for years and  
years."

"Has she got any one picked out  
yet?" asked Aunt Bethiah.

"Has she? Why, for you know  
she's engaged to our Rob?"

Mrs. Fenimore dropped her croch-  
eting and looked over her eyeglasses  
at the youngest niece. The boy of  
the Fenimore family was Rob. And  
in the past it had been a safe axiom to  
state that "girls might come and girls  
might go, but Rob went on forever."  
He had passed through college without  
any troubles and was building his first  
engineering contract, the new concrete  
bridge over the Quinebaug river, sev-  
enteen miles below Fairville Hall.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Fenimore,  
with just a bit of a sigh, "they were  
sweethearts when they were children.  
Rob's the kind of a boy to keep the  
flower of romance blooming for years.  
Is she, Laura?"

"Yes, she's just a darling, auntie.  
We'll be over there this morning and  
you can see her. She's the winsomest  
girl you ever saw—just that, the win-  
someset."

"Willing to marry Rob?"

"Oh, yes. I tell you they've been  
engaged since his junior year, but she  
has a big idea of duty, and her father  
wishes her to marry a doctor. And  
the next three girls, so there's no  
one else, you see, to look after them  
and bring them up. But if their  
grandfather Crawford would—well,  
the right thing could be done to hire  
housekeeper and let Berenice get  
married in peace."

"Always was too selfish to give a  
crow a crumb," Aunt Bethiah agreed.  
"We'll see what can be done. I never  
was afraid of Tuck Crawford and I  
ain't today. He needs a boss fear-  
fully."

About 10 they drove over to the  
junior Crawford home. It was an old  
story and a half farmhouse backing  
up against a rocky hillside. There  
were late asters blooming in the gar-  
den and chrysanthemums, and the  
porch was ruddy with woodbine.

"Real slightly old place, ain't it?"  
said Mrs. Fenimore when they came  
away, "and I do like Berenice. She's  
sweet as a tea rose. I declare she is,  
with those big brown eyes and that  
fair curly hair. Bless her heart! Just  
drive over to her grandfather's place,  
will you, Laura?"

Back on an old road it was, a  
line of gray house in a tangle of trees  
and grape vines, with a big well sweep  
at the back and the barn across the  
road. Mr. Crawford was struggling  
with the trap, trying to draw up a pail,  
and Laura hurried over to help him.

"Don't spill it, mind," he cautioned,  
testily. "Can't bear a mite o' damp  
or mildew round my house. Some  
body's got to be careful of that milk."  
The milk was cold and gave it to her  
a bit shakily.

"How be you, Tuck?" called Aunt  
Bethiah, happily, coming up the path  
toward him, her full skirts brushing  
off leaves and cobwebs from the dry  
weeds. So sweet faced and blooming  
she looked that Laura stared at her.  
And so did Tuck Crawford. Not  
such a vision had he seen in many  
years in his front yard. He wiped his  
hand off his coat and gave it to her  
a bit shakily.

"Well, Bethiah, how be ye?" he ex-  
claimed. "Look just as young and  
pep as ever. When did you get over  
here?"

"Been east two weeks."  
"Widow, too, ain't you?"  
"These ten years, Tuck."

"You well? How pert you do  
look." His faded blue eyes lingered  
on her cheerful face hungrily. "Want  
a place as housekeeper, Bethiah? I've  
been looking 'round for a good, hard-  
working woman."

"No, thanks," she laughed. "I'm  
provided for, Tuck. I wanted to see  
you about Berenice, your grandchild.  
Our Rob's in love with her and she  
with him. I want them to be married  
before I go back west. Now, I'll give  
Rob some money, enough to set him  
up, and I want you to look after Bere-  
nice, give her a nice wedding and some  
of her grandmother's linen and silver.  
I know she had a lot of it, probably  
right in your safe or chest of drawers."

"Like enough it is," murmured Mr.  
Crawford, stroking his little pointed  
beard. "I ain't looking to see. How  
per you look, Bethiah! I can't get  
over it."

"And you better hire a housekeeper."

for the children after she's gone, too.  
Get a real capable woman for about  
ten a month up here in the country,  
and she'll penitence twice that. It  
it's all that's left to us old people, this  
watering the flower of romance, you  
know, to keep it sweet and growing."  
After they had said goodby and  
driven down the road, the old man  
stood watching them, leaning his arms  
on the little rusty iron gate. His face  
wore a peaceful, satisfied smile. He  
had promised all Bethiah had asked for  
wedding clothes, old silver and linen,  
even the housekeeper. As she said,  
why shouldn't he? Berenice's father  
was his only son, and he was nearly  
80.

"Let 'em have it and enjoy them-  
selves," he said. "Take about two  
hundred to start with, she said. And  
I got eight thousand in the bank at  
Willimantic and four over in Putnam.  
Guess we can give Berenice a wedding  
like her grandmother had. Watering  
the flower of romance?"

He sighed. Sixty years back he had  
loved Bethiah Newell,